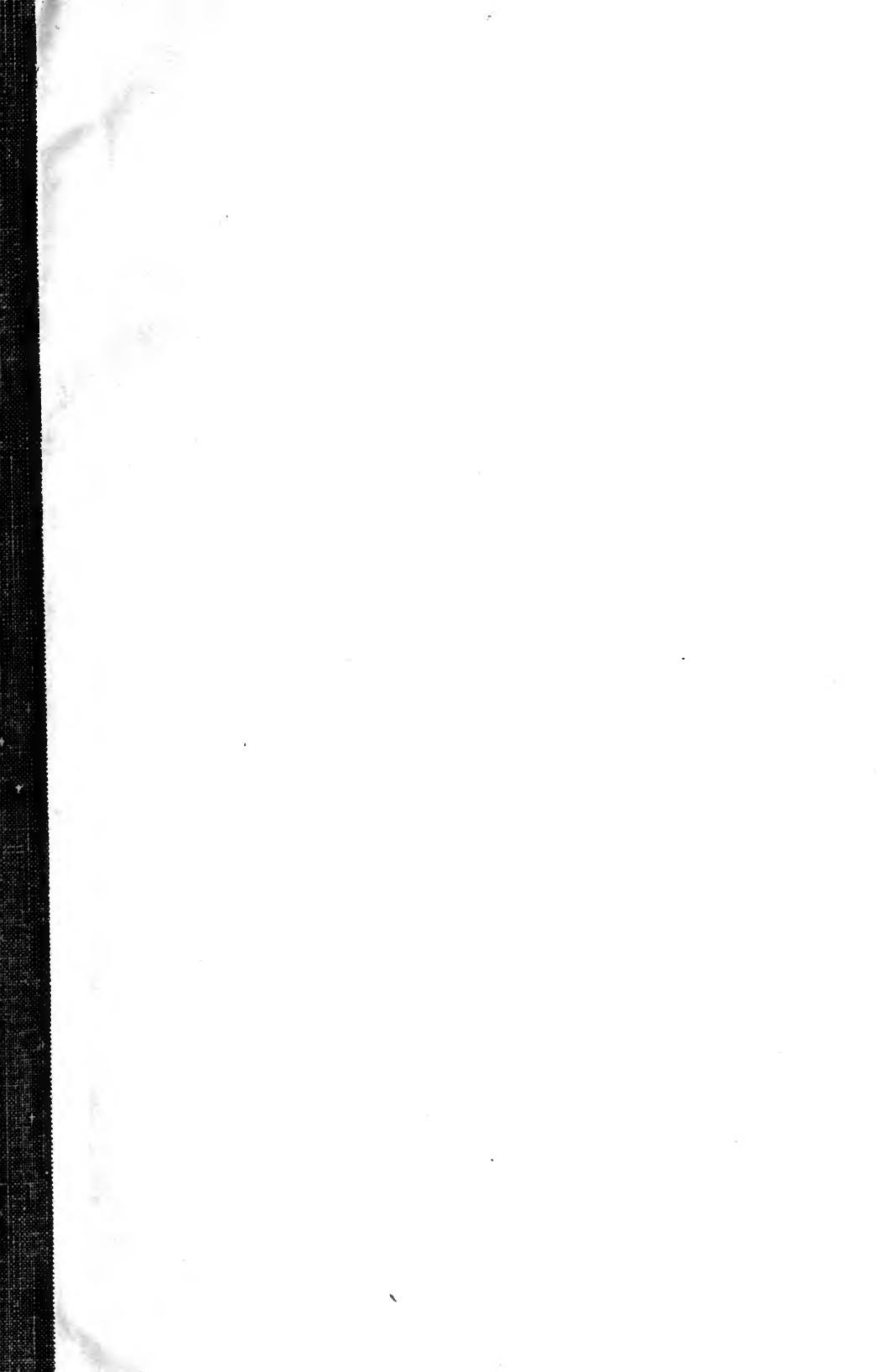


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BLAIR

PICTURES OF THE PAST; MEM-
ORIES OF OLD TOULON (1906?)



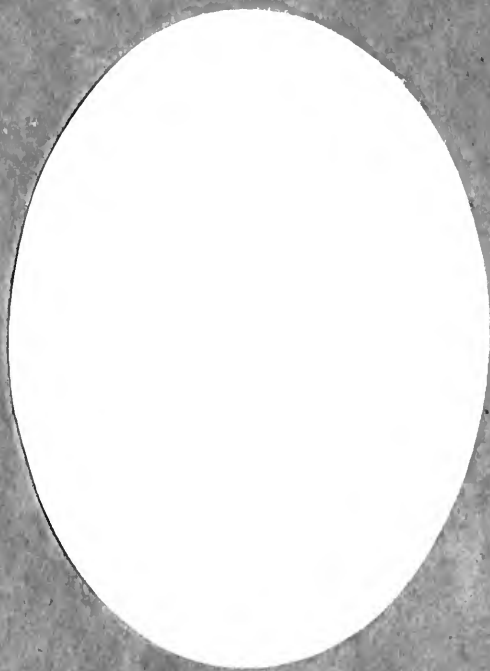
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PICTURES *of the* PAST



MEMORIES *of* Old Toulon

PRESENTED TO THE OLD SETTLERS
OF STARK COUNTY



Mrs Frank Hartley
With kind regards of
The Author



MRS. H. M. BLAIR

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RS. HARRIET M. BLAIR

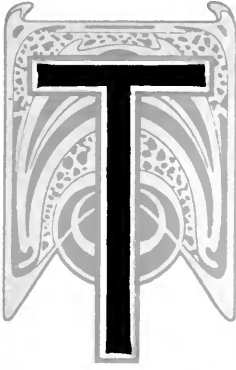
Wrote these reminiscences at various times when occasion or incident called them forth. Fearful of criticism from those to whom they will mean nothing, the author has with reluctance consented to their preservation in this little book, hoping they may recall faces and scenes that are gone.

For some readers they will make bright again the light of the waning lamp of memory.

*"Memory is the only friend
That grief can call her own."*

8.12.11

PIONEER REMINISCENCES



THE stories which beguiled the happy home of my childhood often began with, "Once upon a time," so I will say once upon a time over sixty years ago I looked upon this land of promise—fair Illinois! The pioneers were men and women in their prime; the old were too deeply rooted in their native soil to bear transplanting. The impulse of adventure led these intrepid settlers onward and westward. Poverty and privations only added stimulus to effort. Vast possibilities loomed up in all directions. The homes were rude cabins; native vines clung to the rough logs with the tenacity of a pioneer friendship.

The smallest amount of furniture possible satisfied the occupants of these cabin homes. A few wooden pegs in one corner, concealed by a curtain, held the family wardrobe and furnished the ladies a boudoir. The sideboards differed from those now in use in many ways. An unplanned board, resting on three huge pegs constituted the cabin sideboard. No mirror reflected happy children's faces as they looked longingly upon the heirloom pieces of crockery that adorned this rude shelf. Sometimes a short curtain was attached to this sideboard and hid many of the house-keeping utensils. No polished drawers, well filled with costly linens, were there, and the pioneer mother spread the simple meal on a table none too smooth, but the family had pioneer appetites and the wild game and the products of the home garden furnished ample food, which was well seasoned with good cheer.

While the children were busy and happy with the birds and flowers, their parents were busy solving the problem, "Will the promises this country gave of future greatness ever be realized, were her beckonings honest ones?" Where our busiest streets are today, pioneer feet trampled the wild roses. Here the nighthawk flew downward to the earth, uttering her impassioned notes and made her nest on the prairie sod.

How these reminiscences guide us into paths leading up to the pioneer's heart—voices come back to us over the grave of years. We are young again; we feel the touch of a mother's hand.

The dying leaf, gorgeous in autumn tints, did not whisper to the young of decay; the blighting frosts of winter brought to them visions of coasting on the hillside, of happy sleighing parties in the old-fashioned bob-sled, when it took so little to keep them warm. After the eye has grown dim and the step faltering, we can turn on the lights of memory and wander back over these old days. We pity those who have not at some period of their lives been pioneers. Those who have never passed through frontier experiences are poorly fitted to enjoy modern homes, or modern luxuries.

The generous hospitality found in these cabin homes has faded out of life; it has given place to social tyrannies, and after all the kindly impulses of the human heart are worth more than human skill or human intellect. No other day in the calendar of holidays brings such pleasure to the pioneer as Old Settlers' Day. The remnant that remains in Stark County gather with their descendants and make this a reminiscent day. With many it is Hail! and Farewell. Ah, Time; thou rogue!

"How few are left to greet me, how few are left to know,
Who played with me upon the green but sixty years ago."



MRS. MILES A. FULLER



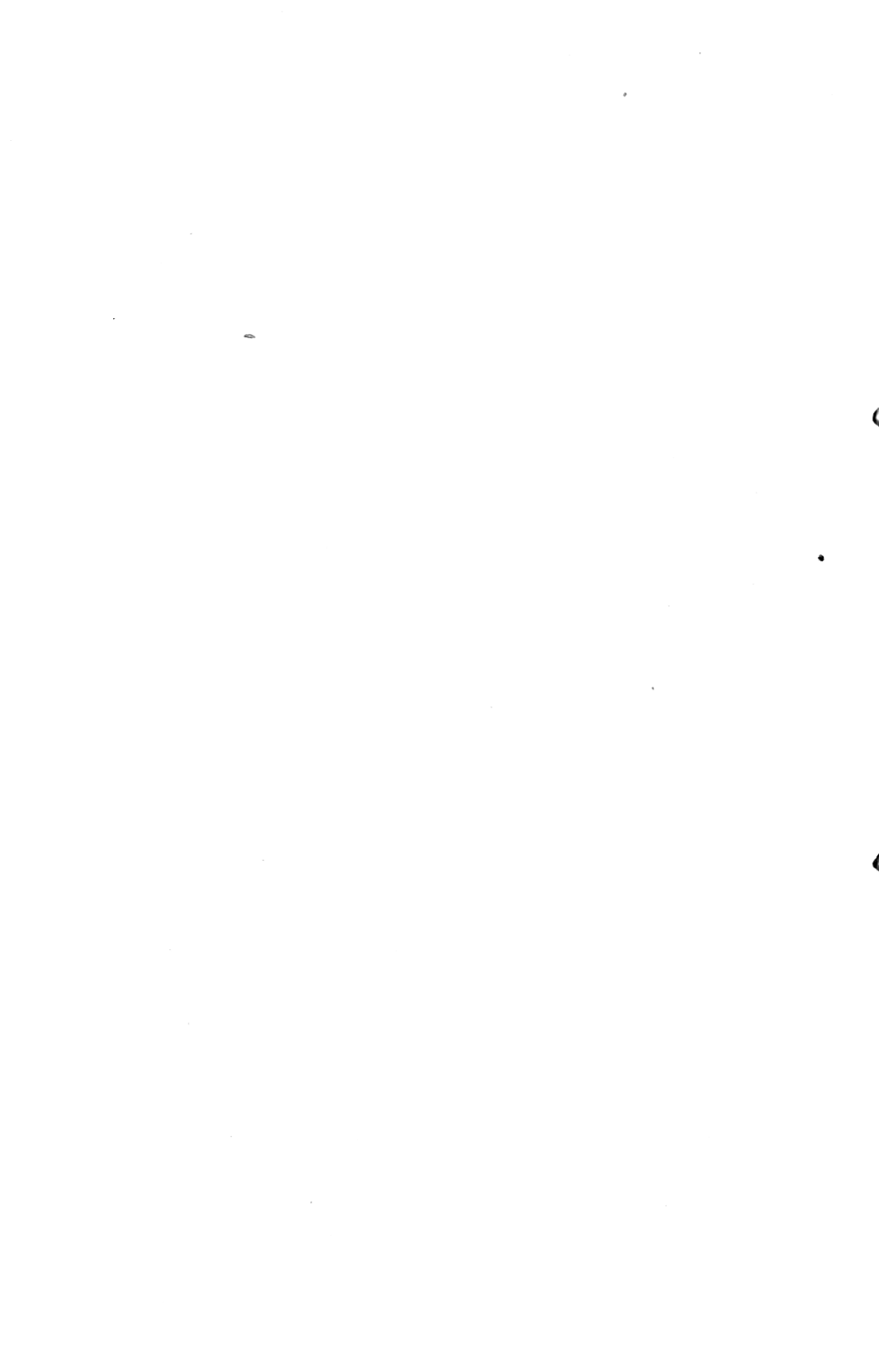
MRS. MARTHA PIERCE



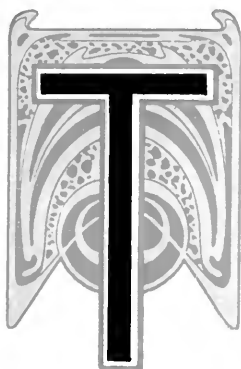
MRS. A. M. LEGG



MRS. SARAH PROUT



PIONEER SCHOOLS AND PIONEER TEACHERS



THE first school taught in the town of Toulon was taught by John W. Henderson, in the John Pryor cabin, that stood where the Congregational parsonage now stands. This school commenced in the winter of 1842. It was not a graded school; scholars of all ages were admitted. The scholarship of the applicants was never questioned. Reading, writing, geography, grammar, arithmetic and spelling were taught. Through the mists of fifty years I can see the rosy-faced boys and girls standing by the huge fireplace, which gave out such generous heat after the enormous logs had lain upon their ruddy bank

from hours early in the morning, and sent up such a glow of welcome, as these scholars came trooping in after a walk through the snow. One would suppose that a mile walk through the snow would serve to tame these boys, but not so. The ice was hardly melted from their faces until they were ready for fun, and the teacher tried in vain to subdue the general merriment caused by their pranks. "Special pleadings" had no effect, threatenings were of no avail, and sometimes the scholars intimated to the teacher that if he insisted upon such rigid discipline, they would set him outside the cabin and take in the latch string and compel him to plead for mercy. Mr. Henderson thought at such times that he had mistaken his calling, and this was the first and last school he taught.

A row of benches was set around the sides of the cabin on which sat the large scholars; in the center sat the "little tots," who set the children of larger growth an example of good behavior. Carry me back, Memory, over these vanished years! I would not forget one form that sat on the rude benches. One of the pioneer customs was to close the school in the evening with a general spelling class. This was royal fun for those who "went up" with every word they spelled. At one time the entire school had violated some rule and the teacher announced that he would

punish them at the close of the school. He commenced at the head of the spelling class and rapped the hand of each offender several times with a ruler. He kept on administering the same chastisement until he reached the foot of the class; no one was exempt, as all had been engaged in perpetrating the joke.

The teacher of the pioneer school was a resident of Toulon for many years; held offices of trust and was one of the best county officers Stark county ever had. Mr. Henderson now lives in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, surrounded by all the luxury wealth can bring into any home. He is nearly eighty years of age, and he has lived to verify the promise: "In the evening it shall be light." This veteran wears the regimentals of the Democratic party, and it is said he keeps the armor exceedingly bright.

In this, the second chapter of my school history, I shall deal with the Drummond school, which for crude methods eclipsed all others, and surely no other teacher known to the writer had such a varied career as had the subject of this sketch. In the summer of 1843, W. W. Drummond built a small frame house on the corner lot where Mrs. Minot Silliman's home now stands. This house contained three rooms. It was built in the cheapest way possible. It faced the north, and the main room in the house was used for a schoolroom by day, a sitting room during the evening, a sleeping room at night. This school was a "select" school and Mr. Drummond charged one dollar a month per capita, with high tragedy and low comedy thrown in. This room was warmed by a fireplace over which was a rough mantel-piece, upon which lay a well-worn copy of "The Statutes of Illinois," for be it known W. W. Drummond was already an aspirant for judicial honors, and later became one of the leading lawyers of the county, notwithstanding his scholarship was very imperfect; in grammar especially so. As I said, the schoolroom was used for a sleeping room, and if the scholars were so unfortunate as to arrive before the camping ground was cleared, he called to his wife,—or rather slave,—in tones that did not indicate a very serene temper, to clear the room of all the trappings not usually found in a schoolroom.

Mr. Drummond had a strange fancy for great names, his eldest daughter bore the beautiful name of "America Virginia;" the second daughter

was "Austria Vienna;" the third was "Artemesia Victorine;" the son was "Americus Vespucci;" the infant in the cradle was "Alwilda Viola." In thunder tones he would call to America Virginia to go and look after Alwilda Viola and tell Austria Vienna to go and play with Americus Vespucci. I mention these names as no play is complete without the names of the actors.

But to return to the school proper. Mr. Drummond was in the habit of setting the older scholars to work and it was nothing unusual for two or three different groups of small children to be reading or reciting to as many different teachers, and you may readily imagine the confusion, and in the mean while the remainder of the school were trying to rivet their attention upon their books, and Mr. Drummond having slipped his law book from the mantel, with his back to the school, was trying to digest a page of legal lore.

What would the young people of today think of these environments? Yet it can be said with truth that many thought these pioneer scholars better equipped for the battle of life than those who came here later from the schools of New England to educate and civilize our western boys and girls.

After several years of successful practice in his profession, Mr. Drummond went to Washington, D. C., and later was appointed United States Judge of Utah, but this man of rare natural ability, of fine personal appearance and fine presence, was wholly destitute of moral principle, and he lost this fine position through dishonest and immoral practices and finally died in a saloon in Chicago. He had long since forsaken the wife of his youth, who had shared all the struggles of his early life, and he was recreant to every sacred trust. A saloon was a fitting place for such a career to come to a close.

Soon after the completion of our first Court House, Miss Susan Gill taught a select school in one of the jury rooms. Miss Gill had just arrived in our town from Newark, N. J., and she introduced many methods which were new to our pioneer teachers. Some are still here who remember that it was in this school that they made their first elocutionary effort. The Friday afternoon "Rhetoricals" were held in the Court Room, giving the

parents and friends of the scholars an opportunity to judge of the advancement made from week to week. The first burst of eloquence came from the lips of many an aspirant for oratorical distinction during those days. Miss Gill was a natural teacher, and soon found her way into the hearts of her scholars. She had the best of government, yet was always kind. After she closed her school she became the happy wife of Stephen W. Eastman, but only a few years more of life were given to her, and she died, regretted by all who knew her. As I stood by the lonely grave of this faithful teacher my heart vowed allegiance to her memory, and heaven seemed nearer after she "passed within the gates."

The brick schoolhouse which occupied the ground where the residence of Pierson Miller was afterwards built, was completed in the spring of 1847. This was a district school, and Thomas J. Henderson was the first teacher. The building was roomy and comfortable and every available seat was occupied. T. J. Henderson's popularity among the young people of our town, who largely composed his school, was already established—it was deep-rooted—and, as a rule, the scholars had too much regard for their teacher to disobey him; hence this was an orderly school. In addition to the usual studies taught in our schools of that day was added Modern and Ancient History. The latter was used by the reading class instead of "The English Reader" used in the first schools. Being placed at the head of this school was T. J. Henderson's first promotion, and he has been on the top grade ever since. I do not know that he learned any military tactics here, as this school was far too peaceable to ever hint of war; political intrigues were an unknown quantity in these primitive days, yet somehow his greatness was first developed here, and after four years of war and twenty years in Congress, I feel sure he looks back with pleasure to those days when life with its vast possibilities lay before him, without even the memory of a sorrow.

After T. J. Henderson closed his school David Risdon, of Lafayette, taught here for several years and finally went to Oregon to "grow up with the country." His successor was James B. Lewis. Mr. Lewis ranked high as a teacher, and his character was irreproachable, but he died before he had completed his last term, and Oliver White, now of

Peoria, was employed as a teacher, with Miss Almira Hubbard, now the wife of H. M. Hall, of Lincoln, Kansas, as his assistant. I dare not say much about Mr. White for fear he might recognize my "Nom de plume" and get after me with his sharp pen and lacerate my feelings. Suffice it to say that during his administration the school lost none of its former popularity.

Last, but not least, in this galaxy of competent and successful teachers who taught in "the Brick" was Charles Meyers, now of Peoria. May his shadow never grow less.

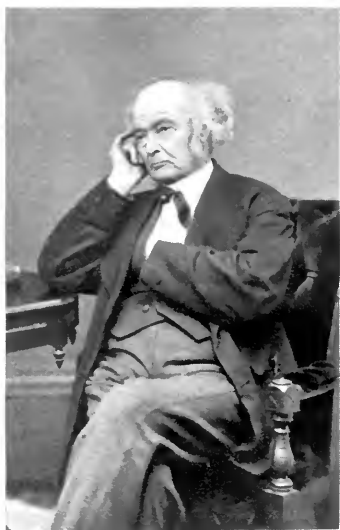
Miss Selina Booth was a pioneer teacher who deserves more than a passing notice, not alone for her excellent qualities of mind and character, but for the length of time she was identified with the educational interests of our town. The exact date of her coming is not clear in my mind, yet it was as early as 1849.

On the brow of the hill of West Main street stood the home of Royal Arnold. In this unpretentious dwelling, Miss Booth commenced her successful career as a teacher in the Toulon schools. The little remnant remaining of those who occupied a seat in this schoolroom still takes pleasure in testifying to her sterling worth. Her virtues stand out clearer as other memories grow dim. All the characteristics essential to the making of a good teacher seemed centered in Miss Booth. During the months that this school was doing such good work despite the unfavorable surroundings, the people of our town were discussing the possibility and advisability of building a Seminary. This conclusion culminated in the erection of a two-story brick building, which at that time was considered a fine structure, and it was a proud day for all concerned when Miss Booth, with her army of scholars, took possession of the Toulon Seminary. This building is now used as a carriage shop—Clay Bradley owning the property—yet I am told that many autographs are still to be seen on the old walls and are silent reminders of many scholars whose school work was left unfinished.

Today, as I write the name of this good woman, thoughts of those days come to me like the notes of a half-forgotten song, and I find myself listening for other voices that mingled with hers in the good old days when

it took so little to make the heart glad. After Miss Booth resigned her position in Toulon, she married Mr. Newell, of Farmington, Ill., and that is still her home.

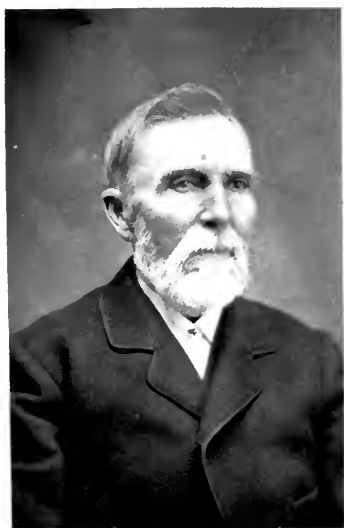
Successors to Miss Booth's honors were Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Atkins. This worthy pair came here direct from New England, and it was evident at a glance that the very process that had fitted them to fill an exalted position in the world of letters had unfitted them for the common duties of life, and their helplessness outside of the schoolroom was really pathetic. Mr. and Mrs. Atkins had spent the best years of their lives in hard study; they had mastered the classics, the higher mathematics and the sciences, yet consummate as were their abilities, unselfish their purposes, failure was written on all they did. They looked as if they had been fed on the dead languages and "The Blue Laws." Two sons blessed their union, and they gave promise of growing up full of western vim. Their antics astonished their mother, who with all her knowledge, failed to solve these strange problems by any known process of philosophy, mathematics or astronomy, yet she did discover later that they were not "stars." Mr. and Mrs. Atkins had many warm friends who aided them in their misfortunes, and after Mr. Atkins was obliged to abandon teaching on account of ill-health, they gave him repeated evidence of their sympathy and esteem. But disease did its cruel work and Mr. Atkins, the ripe scholar, the faithful teacher and Christian gentleman, was laid to rest. Mrs. Atkins returned to her New England home and left an unmarked grave in our cemetery, and years after, the friends and scholars of these worthy people erected a monument to the memory of this pioneer teacher.



DR. THOMAS HALL



MARTIN SHALLENBERGER

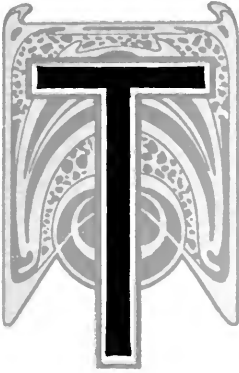


MINOTT SILLIMAN



MRS. C. K. STICKNEY

THE LAST SUPPER



THOSE who knew Oliver Whitaker as early as 1838 will recall a pioneer cabin set down by a native grove, where the grand old oaks gave shade for the happy children and shelter to the birds which furnished music to this music-loving family. The bright wood fire in the spacious fire-place and the happy faces made sunlight on the walls. A few rude flower beds bordered the path leading up to the cabin door; these were made by the busy hands of a loving mother, and the evening-beauties and the holly-hocks that bloomed there were the admiration of the children of the pioneers, and no exotic in our day can be prized as were these flowers. In the summer of 1843 this home was exchanged for one in Toulon where the friends of today have known and honored the deceased—here has been buried many an expectation; here many a joy has perished in his grasp, yet he was brave and uncomplaining, no adverse fate or warring destiny could rob him of these traits. Seldom has a home been established in the west which furnished more generous hospitality and friendly cheer than did the Whitaker home. Here the poor and unfortunate always found a friend, the sorrowing sympathy. The recipients of these favors were never questioned. "If hungry, he gave him food; if thirsty, he gave him drink; if sick he visited him"—he squared his life by the Golden Rule and emphasized it by example.

No one who was present at the last supper at this old home will forget the pathetic words spoken by the host. Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker were about to leave for California, the home was sold and the historic belongings of the interior had been advertised for sale, when Mrs. Whitaker conceived the plan of having a farewell feast—Mrs. Blood was here to assist her mother in carrying out the plans.

After the guests were seated at the table Mr. Whitaker turned to



The Old Whitaker Homestead in 1878

Hon. M. A. Fuller and said, "Miles, this is the last supper, will you ask the blessing?" Mr. Fuller's voice trembled with emotion as he asked the Giver of all good gifts to be with this little company of friends gathered at this hospitable board for the last time. Mr. Turner, who was now very near the line that divides night from morning, was present and it was his last visit.

The Old Settlers will remember their venerable President as he presided last year—his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Phelps, of Kansas City, sat by his side. He said to a friend who congratulated him upon the occasion: "No one can tell how much stronger I felt after my dear girl came," and as I looked at them I was reminded of the beautiful lines of Scott:

"Come forth, old man! A daughter's side
Is now a fitting place for thee.
When time has quelled the oak's bold pride,
The youthful tendril yet may hide
The ruin of the parent tree."

Mr. Whitaker was a kind, unselfish father, and if at any time he seemed severe in his discipline it was the outcome of a sincere desire for the good of his children—he had old-fashioned ideas of parental government. During his last year it became difficult for him to write, yet his children have abundant evidence of his untiring devotion to them in the carefully written letters penned after his failing sight rendered this service of love almost impossible. I often found him thus employed as I entered his office in the morning, which was the only time he was capable of any exertion; his afternoons were given mostly to sleep. He often alluded to his bodily weakness and would add: "But I cannot afford to disappoint the children, and they will be looking for a letter." When his feeble arms would no longer draw them to his breast upon which they had leaned so long, he wrapped them in the softer folds of his love and fell asleep. The sun of his life went down but the star of his example lives, and they are dull scholars indeed who learn nothing from a long life well lived.

On that cold autumn morning when he came to say goodbye before leaving for Florida I well knew I should hear the sound of his familiar voice no more, and hard was it to conceal the fact from him. And he, too, felt keen sorrow at parting with old friends, yet he longed for the balmy air of that kindly clime where the perfume of flowers makes "December as pleasant as May." After a few months the tamed lightning conveyed the sad message that he who had so lately been with us was gone. The worn-out body called for rest, the shattered mind for repose, and all that was needed came.

"We will not say, we cannot say
That he is dead—he is just away."

He entered the dark valley in the faith that there is light beyond, and when the bright lustre of an active life is dimmed by age we can find

solace in the thought that there is found the youth of immortality. It has been said that "the record of a life is its best eulogy"—that the memory of a good man is its most lasting epitaph. All that is mortal of this dear friend lies in our beautiful cemetery, adjoining the village where he lived so long, and near by the people he knew and loved so well. Loving hands will strew flowers over his grave. These will fade and wither, but the memory of his kind deeds will live.

The morning sun that lifts its head above the eastern hills in dazzling beauty, lacks the grandeur of the setting sun that sinks to rest behind the evening clouds. Eighty-nine years ago today Oliver Whitaker was born and I lay this imperfect tribute as a memorial wreath upon these vanished years.



OLIVER WHITAKER



MRS. CATHERINE WHITAKER

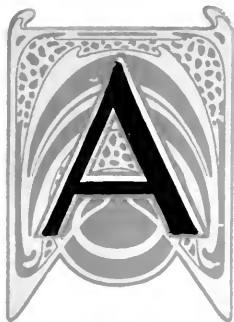


DR. WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN



MRS. DR. CHAMBERLAIN

THE TOULON BAPTIST CHURCH



AS the new Baptist church nears completion and the expectant members of that organization are impatiently waiting to occupy the new edifice, my mind has been busy with the past, and the editor of the News has asked me to write some reminiscence for the columns of his paper. Feeling sure that there are many still living who feel an interest in those who constituted the membership and congregation forty years ago, I have concluded to give a pen picture of the church as it appeared to me at that time. Elder Brinkerhoff of New Jersey had been chosen pastor, and stood on tiptoe behind an enormous pulpit, trying to see the congregation, and the congregation were equally anxious to see the preacher, yet all that was visible to the naked eye was his towering intellect.

After reading the twenty-first chapter of St. John, he took for his text the last part of the seventeenth verse: "Jesus saith unto him, feed my sheep." No carpet was to be seen save a narrow strip behind the pulpit for the preacher to stand upon, to drown the sound of his feet—for some ministers will preach with their feet. The aisles were about four inches lower than the pews. The latter had small doors, and these doors were fastened by some sort of a fixture needing an expert to open them, and it was nothing unusual to see people from the rural districts, not familiar with the city airs, standing amazed at this strange combination, and finally striding over the door and seating themselves in the pew; but later the janitor was instructed to open all these doors before the service began, and thus obviate this difficulty. At a still later date the doors were removed and the aisles were raised to a level with the pews, doing away with the obstruction, so that the custom of coming into the pews on "all fours" became obsolete. For several years after Elder Brinkerhoff returned to his native state the ministers seemed to be selected with reference to the height of the pulpit, and we had a series of long, lean men.

At the time of which I write, the Baptist bell was the only church bell in our town, and the first Sabbath it called the worshipers together was quite an event in the history of the people. It was not a bell such as we hear in the cathedrals. It was not silver-tongued, but its tones were always sweet to those who gathered at its call in the old brick church, and, as it lay silent amid the debris after the church was in ashes, I looked upon it with feelings of tender regret, much as I look upon an old friend whose voice is hushed forever. This bell has been called "a cracked bell," "a nuisance." Perhaps these epithets were deserved, but do we speak thus of a friend after the sweet mellow voice of youth gives way to the harsh and broken voice of age? This bell will never disturb us any more. It has tolled its last requiem for the dead. It has said "Come" to the old church for the last time. The choir occupied the gallery on the north end of the church. Judson Brinkerhoff was the organist and James A. Henderson played an accompaniment on the violin. The singers were Amos P. Gill, Jerome B. Thomas, Mr. Carpenter, Henry Greenwood, Hugh Y. Godfry, Miss Ruth A. Meyers, Miss Mary Whittaker, Miss Mary J. Harris and Miss Abby Gardener. Messrs. Carpenter and Greenwood were transient residents of our town—both fine musicians. They were civil engineers and were engaged in surveying the "Air line railroad." A few years later Mr. Carpenter took a sea voyage for the benefit of his health, and died at sea. Mr. Greenwood was murdered in New Mexico, Amos P. Gill long since passed from sight, yet the rich tones of his bass are remembered by many still living here. Ten years ago James A. Henderson passed to the "summer land" within sound of the old church bell. Jerome B. Thomas is a resident of Dayton, Ohio. Hugh Y. Godfry lives at Lake Geneva, and still gladdens the hearts of his Toulon friends by an occasional visit, but he is such a good Baptist that nothing less than a lake can satisfy his craving for water. Miss Ruth A. Meyers, now Mrs. Turner, is an honored member of Toulon society, but sings the songs of Zion in the M. E. church. Miss Mary Whittaker married E. H. Phelps, now of Kansas City. Miss Abby Gardener married Dr. Kitchen of Rockford, Ill. Miss Harris moved from here many years ago and her whereabouts are unknown to the

writer. The officers of the church were Benj. Packer, Stephen Eastman, Robert Robb, Luther Geer, deacons; Oliver Gardener, church clerk; Jacob Wagner, janitor. Jacob Wagner and his good wife Gertrude kept the lamps trimmed and burning. All the officers above mentioned are sleeping the sleep of the just in our cemetery, excepting Deacon Packer, who is still with us, and is still busy with the interests of the church of his choice. Age cannot abate his zeal or cool his ardor. His devotion to the Master's work is surely worthy of commendation. This church has passed through some fierce conflicts, but those who have never been in battle know little about wearing the armor. As devout worshipers gathered there as ever knelt at a shrine. At this time the membership numbered about seventy, the congregation twice that number.

One custom of these early days of which I must speak, was that of the congregation rising and turning around in the pews so as to face the choir, which, as I said before, occupied the gallery. Perhaps this fact could be accomplished with far less embarrassment now than in those days when it was the fashion for the ladies to wear exceedingly large hoops, so large that if by chance more than two ladies were seated in one pew, the matter of facing about was accomplished with much difficulty and serious results were liable to follow. These tragic movements had to be enacted three times during each service, and those seated near the gallery were obliged to stretch their necks like cranes to get a glimpse of the choir.

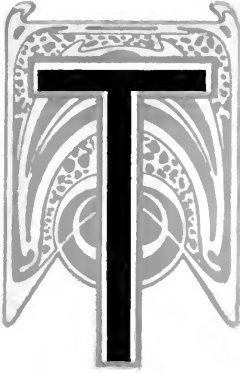
At no time in the history of this church has the choir enjoyed such a reputation for first-class music as in those early days of its existence, the credit of which in great measure may be accorded to Mrs. Dr. Chamberlain, who was at that time a devout member of this church, and it was by her personal effort that the best musical talent of the town was secured.

All that remains here today of those constituting the membership of the church forty years ago are Benjamin Packer and wife, John Berfield and wife, Mrs. Cynthia Stickney, Mrs. Stephen Eastman, Mrs. Luther Geer, Mrs. Miles A. Fuller, Mrs. Emily Culbertson and Mrs. P. M. Blair.

"Old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new."

AN OLD HOUSE GONE

Written upon seeing "The Old Home" torn down, Feb. 22, 1898.



HIS week witnessed the demolition of one of the old landmarks of Toulon, being none other than the old homstead of Dr. Thomas Hall. The house was built in 1848 by Dr. Hall and stood near the present home of Dr. W. T. Hall, on South Franklin street, being moved to another part of the lot upon the building of the latter. It was a very fine building for those days and was much admired by the pioneers and by travellers who chanced to pass. One noticeable feature was the long windows, reaching to the floor, something never before seen in this part of the country. The contractor who built the house was Charles Johnson. He was assisted by Mr. Wilbur of Lafayette and Luther Geer did the mason work.

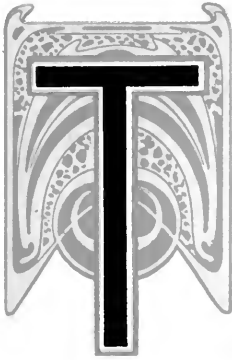


Office of Dr. Thomas Hall, built in 1847.

Homes, like individuals, grow old and cease to be either useful or ornamental, yet it is a pathetic sight to see them demolished. That a home once full of life and gayety can become a heap of debris is food for memory and for tears. As a broken harp, which can never again respond to the touch of a gentle hand, although silent, reminds us of melodies which once wafted us into realms of enchantment, so in the ruins of an old home we read stories of a past too sacred to be written, memories too precious to be forgotten. Here loved ones have been dressed for the bridal and the tomb. Here were heard the last words of a mother.

The designer and builder of this home is gone and the last vestige of his work obliterated. The windows through which glad faces looked out upon what was to them a world of brightness have served their purpose. The floors will never again resound to the nimble tread of youth, or the faltering steps of age. The old home with its cherished memories is gone—gone with its cherished plans rounded to completion—gone with its festivities and its mirth. Old home, goodbye.

THE OLD SEMINARY



THE building known as "The Toulon Seminary" was built over fifty years ago. Buildings in those days were not reared with the dispatch they are now—and when it was completed after months of continued work, the scholars were delighted as they took possession of the new Seminary and were assigned comfortable seats, with desks, and were given ample light and warmth, of which they had such a scant supply in the crowded rooms just vacated. If the reader will go with me in imagination into the High School, we will see what we can find. Mr. Atkins, who is the principal, has charge of this room, and after a hard day's work has stepped down into the lower room to see how Mrs. Atkins is getting on in her department. The janitor, Jacob Wagner, is busy putting the room in order for the next day, so we will take this opportunity to look about. First, we will go to the little table that stands at one end of the room, on which we find several books. There are marginal notes in some of them, showing that the teacher's opinion is not altogether in harmony with the author's. Colburn's *Intellectual* and Adams' *Written Arithmetic*, Butler's *Grammar* and Mitchell's *Geography* are on this table; first, second and third *Eclectic Readers* are here; Webster's *Spelling-book* with the words so nicely divided into syllables is here. A Bible or Testament is on every desk; we open one of these and on the first page we find the name of Benjamin Williams—this name was long since cut in marble. We pass on to the next desk and here we find the name of Henry Perry written in bold characters in Butler's *Grammar*, and just below we read this warning to evil doers: "Steal not this book, for fear of shame, for in it stands the owner's name." On another desk the books record the fact that they are the property of Nathaniel Wright, others on the same desk belong to William W. Wright (now county judge of Stark county). Only a little in advance of this, we find the books

belonging to Wright Dewey, whose name is now inscribed on a marble shaft in our "Silent City," and engrossed in the hearts of all who knew him. But we must pass on without stopping at each desk, and we will return to the little table we just left and search for the roll. And here it is. Oh, these names!

Elizabeth Perry,
Emily Perry,
Sarah Turner,
Laura Ogle,
Ellen Buswell,
Emma Hall,
John Ogle,
Sarah Eastman,
Isabella Pierce,
John Stickney,
Sarah Berfield,
Louisa Hall,
Jerome Thomas,
Mary Thomas,
Ruth Thomas,
Henry Hall,
Julius Rhodes,
Henry Perry,
Mattie Cox,
Isaac Whitaker,

Mary Whitaker,
Delphene Whitaker,
Walter T. Hall,
Andrew Whitaker,
Harriet Dewey,
Rebecca Dewey,
Jane Hall,
Janette Scott,
Diantha Shinn,
Emily Shinn,
Hattie Phelps,
Charley Eastman,
Benjamin Williams,
Eliza Stickney,
Harlan Pierce,
Will Hazen,
Olive Bennett,
Rebecca Pollock,
Mary Cox,
Sarah Cox,

Levi Silliman,
Edward Silliman,
Addie Fuller,
Willis Dewey,
Martha Atherton,
George Lowman,
Alice Lowman,
Wright Dewey,
Nathaniel Wright,
W. W. Wright,
Ellen Lyle,
Mary Lyle,
Caroline Brace,
Mary Brace,
Charley Brace,
Lizzie McBride,
Samuel Lowman,
Annie Brace,
John Perry.

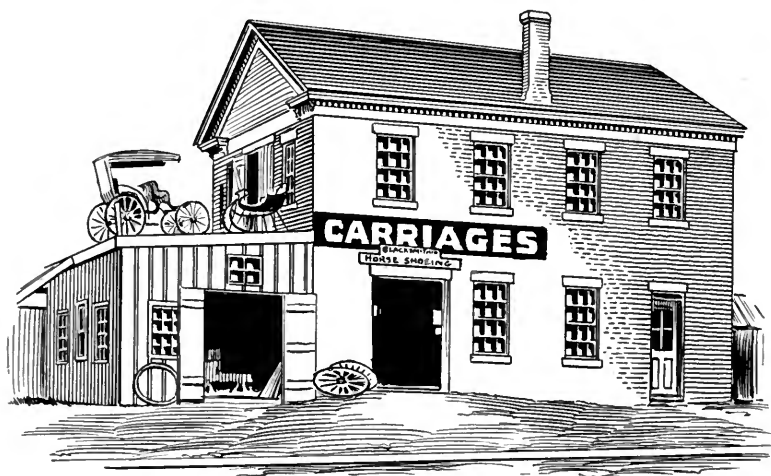
But the janitor is waiting to turn the key in the door, and we must lay down the roll and leave many names unread, and we will descend the stairs and enter the lower room, where Mrs. Atkins presides with so much dignity. Here are the copy-books with the copies written for the next day. Mrs. Atkins has written these after the restless scholars have gone to their homes or to their sports. Let us see what she has written: "Tis education forms the common minds, Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines." Another, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and one of the little tots will write, "Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds." The blackboard is full of crude figures where the primary classes have been working in multiplication, addition and division. Every desk in this room shows that it has been occupied during the day. Broken pocket-knives, kite strings and forgotten dinner pails adorn the desks. But the form of the janitor admonishes us to begone. Our next visit to this school

is during Professor Thorp's administration, who succeeded Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, with Miss Mary Perry as his assistant. Professor Thorp, unfortunately for himself and his school, possessed an ungovernable temper, and Miss Perry soon tired of his tyranny and resigned her position, and Miss Frances A. Dewey, afterwards Mrs. James A. Henderson, filled the vacancy. The scholars had a great deal of regard for the assistant and very little for the principal, and as girls and boys have always done they took special delight in annoying him. One very cold morning in mid-winter the professor stepped into the upper room and found "Old Boreas" in full possession. The windows were raised as high as possible, and the boys had carried out the stove during the night. There are those living here today who assisted in this novel method of cooling off the irate professor, yet as they are now gray-headed men, occupying honorable positions in our town, we will not mention their names. After Professor Thorp left, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hall had charge of this school, and later Professor Jones and William Nowlan, Miss Robinson (now Mrs. John Rhodes), Miss Lilly Beatty, Mr. Fellows, Mr. Humphrey taught here, and doubtless others whose names we fail to recall. Here is another enrollment of names of a later date than those we found on Mr. Atkins' table:

Bert Raymond,	Herbert Rhodes,	Kate Rhodes,
Alice Raymond,	Heman Stickney,	Martha Berfield,
Sarah Silliman,	Mary Berfield,	Matilda Shallenberger,
Mary Silliman,	Ada Fuller,	Onslow Shallenberger,
Clyde Lyon,	Effie Lyon,	Pauline Shallenberger,
Lizzie Witter,	Frank Lyon,	Thomas Shallenberger,
Frank Blair,	Fred Rhodes,	Gertrude Henderson,
Andrew Stickney,	Frank Fuller,	Ella Henderson,

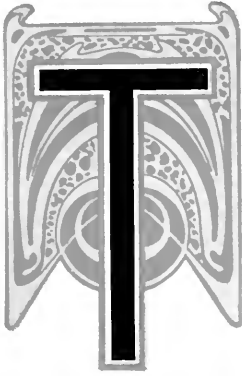
The mental calibre that characterizes these scholars is not eclipsed by any modern school, and at no time in its history were other than competent teachers employed. Years pass like summer clouds, and those pupils who have not finished their work are men and women each doing their part in the great school of life. To such as may read this imperfect sketch of the "Old Brick Seminary" I will say that I feel sure if the bricks which comprise its walls could speak they would tell a far better story than mine. They would speak of youthful friendships and youthful loves

—of pathetic and amusing incidents all unknown to the writer. This once honored seat of learning is now used as a carriage shop, yet so long as the old walls stand there are men and women who will gaze upon them and recall memories too sacred to be written.

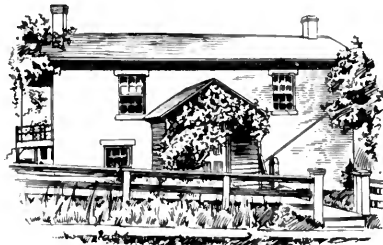


The Old Seminary Building

STARK COUNTY'S OLD JAIL



HIS jail was built in the year 1845. The mason work was done by a man named Hammond, who lived in Knoxville, Madison Winn and David Guyer hauled the logs that lined the interior of the cell with an ox team, from Spoon river. John W. Henderson, now a resident of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was sheriff of Stark county and Ira Ward was the first jailer. As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Ward were settled in this prison home they gave what was then called "a house warming." The elite of this little county were present. Many of this merry company "tripped the light fantastic toe" to the music of the violin, dexterously handled by Israel Dana. Mrs. Ward was a charming hostess and the sheriff, who was a society favorite, added much to the success of the occasion. The iron bars across the windows were well concealed by curtains and there was nothing to suggest a prison. Were the roll called today as the old jail is razed to the ground I think not more than five of that merry company would respond. In 1848 John Finley was elected sheriff. His successor was William F. Thomas of Wyoming. Later Clinton Fuller, Joseph Blanchard, Henry Breese, Oliver P. Emery, Elisha Greenfield, Frank Fuller, Captain J. M. Brown, Jesse Likens, Samuel Adams, Andrew Galbraith, William Hughes and Donald Murchison. These all served the county as sheriff during the years the old jail was in use. During the last years that the old building was occupied no one did as much to conceal the ravages of time as did Herrod Newland. It was his hand that planted and trained the vines about the porch that appear in the picture, and



The Old Jail

when the old walls were torn down fragments of these vines still clung to the ruins as if loth to let go, and they whispered of "A vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."



GEN. THOMAS J. HENDERSON



MRS. SARAH HENDERSON
MOTHER OF GEN. HENDERSON



SAMUEL DEWEY



MISS TILDEN
A PIONEER SCHOOL TEACHER

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Delivered by Mrs. H. M. Blair, Aug. 3, 1895.



N behalf of the Old Settlers' Association, I extend a hearty welcome to all who have gathered here today. May this be a day of hand clasping and good cheer—a reminiscent day. We meet to commemorate the virtues and pay tribute to the achievements of the pioneers of Stark and adjoining counties. We are proud to recall their names and recount their noble deeds. The various positions held by the pioneers at the organization of our county are now filled by other men, and the daily routine moves forward as if no gap were left by their absence, but the record of their lives has passed into history and has left no blotted

page. Only a small remnant remains of those to whom rightfully belongs the title of "Pioneers of Stark county," and from these the eagerness of youth has long since departed—the frost of age has settled on the brow, yet the kindly impulses of youth still cling to the heart, and they come to us today

*"Wearing marks of age and sorrow,
As the midnight wears its stars."*

My hand can frame no fitter eulogy than to record the lessons these pioneers taught us by their heroic devotion to the best interests of our country. Their wealth lay in a self-reliant people, fertile lands, fruits of the earth, and flocks and herds. Their motto was, "Dare to do right." This motto was not hand painted and hung up in their homes, but it was engraved on their hearts. Their creed was, "Smile at the present and be able to see over the wall of the future." Every phase of life has its compensations. Nature had spread a carpet under the feet of these pioneers which surpassed in grandeur anything ever wrought by a weaver's shuttle. Violets as blue as the sky of Italy, daisies and cowslips, the silver and the gold beautifully mingled (16 to 1), and as the prairie plow laid broad

furrows through these play-grounds, many a pathetic plea went up from childish lips to spare this carpet of flowers, and while this country might be a miniature wilderness, the Great Artist had been here long before these pioneers set foot on this soil, and he had painted the landscape in a fashion unknown to man.

It was here that child life found physically its widest, wisest and most healthful development. The air was full of sweetness and song. Nature had done so much for this country. The sturdy oaks which did battle with the storms, stood like mammoth breastworks to protect the pioneer's cabin from the cold of winter and the scorching heat of summer, and no one thought of marring their natural beauty. It was not necessary, as in our day, to say,

"O, woodman, spare that tree;
Touch not a single bough!"

The feathered songsters reveled in safety in these giant branches, and the weary pioneer after a day of toil fell asleep listening to the song of the whippoorwill and the nightingale. No brass band discoursed sweet music to the lonely pioneer. A bass viol sadly out of tune furnished music on the Sabbath for the few who gathered to worship God in the log school-house, and this viol was "like David's harp of solemn sound." When these pioneers met they talked of the future; now they talk of the past.

Those who turn to Stark county as the Mecca of their hopes read in the glorious present a sequel to the wisdom of its founders. They planned well; and while all did not leave to their descendants broad acres, they left unsullied names. Justice was their highest conception of duty, and a verbal promise was as valid as a note. These memories will be handed down from generation to generation, until they become only a sweet echo from a consecrated past.

Many who are with us today have never seen a pioneer cabin in its primitive beauty, and for such I will endeavor to draw a pen-picture of an old settler's cabin. The cabin to which I would lead you stood on a hill. About one hundred yards from the cabin was a little ravine—it would be called a slough in these days. (How the language has deteriorated!) A rough plank lay across the ravine so that those who wished

to cross dry-shod could do so. This ravine was fed by numerous springs which supplied the families roundabout with pure water. The prairie grass on its banks "waved and nodded in the breezes," water snakes darted back and forth among the pebbles, miniature ships made of cardboard floated on its crystal bosom. Little children clad in the homespun garb of the time filled the air with the merry laugh of childhood. We climb the hill and reach the cabin door, and such a door! yet none too large to admit all who came for a balm for life's ills. The lame, the sick, and the blind came—the sorrowing came for sympathy, the suffering for relief, the hungry for food, the perplexed for counsel, the homeless for shelter. A kind word is always a safe word, and a commodity found in pioneer homes. We will enter the cabin and survey the interior. The walls of the cabin have been whitewashed, the huge fireplace is filled with oak branches—for it is summer time and the cooking is done over an outdoor fire. On the mantel is the bric-a-brac—several candlesticks, heirlooms from homes across the sea, sea shells as pink as the cheeks of the pioneer girls. A clock with a looking-glass in the door occupies the center of this shelf, and just above this, suspended by leather straps, are the fire-arms—a rifle of rare capabilities, several shotguns and an old-time flintlock pistol completes the artillery. Chairs with straight backs and as hard as the Westminster catechism suggested dignity rather than comfort. The rustic cradle in the corner contains the last blossom which came to bless this cabin home. This cradle is rocked by the chubby hand of a little boy who has just donned his first pants. This little boy is a white-haired man today carrying a load of years and sorrows, and the little pink baby we saw in the cradle is with us, labeled an Old Settler, and is wearing the honors which have come to him with a look of resignation pleasant to behold.

But to return to the cabin. There is a rude bookcase (home-made); upon its shelves may be found the mental food upon which this family was fed. I will mention a few of these books: "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," by Philip Doddridge; "Baxter's Saints' Rest," "Pilgrim's Progress," two volumes of sermons by Richard Watson; Adam Clark's "Commentary." Do you wonder the pioneer children

became good men and women? Here, too, were the poems of Cowper, Scott and Burns, and a scant supply of choice fiction. Wrong impressions have taken root in the minds of some concerning these pioneer homes, and they think of them as not only rude in structure but as devoid of the refining influences found in the homes of today. This idea is foreign to the truth. There were many cabins in Stark county that were models of neatness and taste, where the presence of refined and cultured mothers left their impress on the home, and there are those here today whose feet have crossed the threshold of these cabins, who will enter them with me, and will recognize some of these noble mothers. It was here true worth found its test, and after all has been said that can truthfully be said of pioneer life, the chief factor of happiness in these homes was the pioneer mother. Home was her domain, and nothing that heart or brain could suggest, or hand execute, that would add beauty or comfort to the home, was left undone; for as the sun colors the flowers, so does environment color the life of woman, and while we would congratulate the young people of our country who are now in the valley of opportunity, we would not forget those who climbed the rugged steps of life to lay the foundation of our present prosperity.

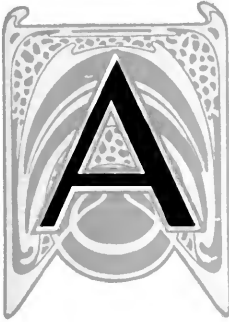
"While we love to stray back to the days that are gone,
Along the green lanes of the past,"

We must leave these pioneer days, with their myriads of precious memories, and for a few moments deal with the busy present. In the world's today we see a vast pageant moving onward and upward to a broader and grander civilization, and in this procession is "The New Woman." It is true she flutters and fumes as if ill at ease, but in the world's tomorrow she will adapt herself to these new conditions and stand by the side of man in the beauty and dignity of true womanhood. To be worth more today than yesterday! This is glory and life, in the individual or in a nation.

Welcome, and all hail, to the Old Settlers! and to the young settlers, and to the guests who are with us today! And we would extend greetings to the strangers in our midst.

All hail to Molly Stark! May her shadow never grow less!

MRS. A. M. LEGG



ABOUT the year 1854 Mr. and Mrs. Legg became residents of Toulon. They came from Manchester, New Hampshire, and built a home where Dr. Bacmeister now lives. Mrs. Legg brought to our village the proverbial New England thrift, and was classed among the best housekeepers of the country. She was a royal entertainer, and her home was the rallying place for those who enjoyed her acquaintance. After the lapse of years we can recall social occasions made memorable by her tact and untiring energy, but her generosity extended beyond the precincts of home. The sick and the poor were often regaled with dainties from her hand, and cheered by her genial presence.

The fiber of her being was of no common sort, and when she conferred a favor it was not done grudgingly. A better friend or neighbor was not to be found, and when the family was lured far away from us by promises of a more lucrative position in the west, expressions of regret were heard on all sides, and while but few remain here who enjoyed the friendship of the deceased, there are those who are saddened by her death. Mrs. Edna Forbes of Omaha, is the only child, and she has been the earthly solace of her mother during the years of widowhood, and was by her side to receive the parting words and the last look of love as she passed beyond the shadows.

How fast the early settlers of our country are being gathered home! Friends who were bound by the closest ties of friendship and ties of blood; these ties bind like girths of steel; yet death severs them and memory is the only friend that grief can call its own.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

An Address Delivered by Mrs. H. M. Blair on the 25th Anniversary
of the birth of the Woman's Club of Toulon



OUR meeting here this evening is to mark in this pleasant manner the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Woman's Club of Toulon. We feel honored by the presence of so many guests. The constitution and by-laws of the Woman's Club of Toulon as formulated by Mrs. E. H. Shallenberger and Mrs. S. D. Walker, have led us through pleasant paths for twenty-five years, and but few changes have been made in the original documents. The constitution was signed at the home of our first president, Mrs. Ruth A. Turner, and the following names were attached, as written: Mrs. E. H. Shallenberger, Mrs. S.

D. Walker, Mrs. Ruth A. Turner, Mrs. H. M. Blair, Mrs. Lois Baldwin, Mrs. Eliza Lyon, Mrs. E. L. Hall, Mrs. Carrie Rhodes, Miss Sarah Berfield and Miss Sarah Turner. Later other names were added and the record shows fifteen active members, and they were active. There were no laggards in the camp, and no back work was reported.

We met ever Saturday evening during the year at 7 o'clock, rain or shine, and there were obstacles to overcome unknown to many of our present membership. No concrete walks furnished pleasant access to our homes. Plank walks well plastered with Illinois mud or winter snows led up to our doors. No electric lights illumined our paths and often only the stars lighted us home.

There are few societies where greater harmony has prevailed. We seldom see the sky however blue entirely destitute of clouds, and when a ripple of discontent has appeared in our club the perennial fiber of good will has chased it away. None will question our loyalty to the interests of our club or as a rule our loyalty to each other. I mention this fact as it is claimed that women never work together for any length of time

without a jangle. In the early days of the club the social side of the club meant much to its members. There were fewer organizations to occupy the minds of the people and scarcity often adds relish. So our club came into existence at a time when many of our busy homekeepers felt the need of mental stimulus. The charter members have been chided for clinging so tenaciously to the old mooring, but the mariner always honors the craft that has brought him safely over seas rough and smooth, for twenty-five years. You cannot wonder that they who have nurtured this club from its infancy feel a pride in its growth and strength, and as they meet to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its birth that they cling fondly to the guiding hands that have been instrumental in bringing it to its present state of literary and social perfection.

Death has claimed fifteen of our number during the twenty-five years. "Those lost to sight, to memory dear" are Mrs. F. A. Henderson, Mrs. Martha Myers, Mrs. Eliza Davis, Mrs. Alice Burge, Mrs. E. H. Shallenberger, Mrs. Delle Rennick, Mrs. Eliza Lyon, Mrs. Lucy P. Smith, Mrs. Allie Hall, Mrs. Kate Geer, Mrs. Mary Hartley, Mrs. Willett, Miss Sarah Turner, Mrs. S. A. Chamberlain, Mrs. Helen Follett. Many others have removed to distant homes and are now on our list of corresponding members. Some of these we shall hear from tonight.

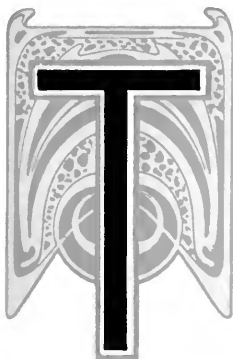
Our present method of changing officers is far better than the old plan of electing by ballot, which always occupied one evening every three months, and often occasioned more or less friction, as few enjoy seeing their friends "turned down," and out of thirty members only four could possibly be elected. Now the succession is so pleasant and complete we look into four new faces constituting the official board and accept the change without a murmur. Commencing at the top of the roll the first four named constitute the officers and as they move up and pass out of office the next four come into place and so on to the end—giving each member an equal share of official honor.

We have been growing in wisdom if not in knowledge. The printed programs relieve the president of the laborious task of arranging the work for each evening; and while we reverence the past, we are adopting new methods and consider ourselves a progressive body. These anniversaries

are milestones in the highway of thought. Banquets and sociables have marked the close of each year's work, and we are encouraged by the retrospect. Those who have passed on, and are no longer with us, merit a loving remembrance tonight.

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things
Humble voyagers are we
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!
B. W. Procter

A VOICE FROM THE PAST



THE brick house on the corner of Franklin and Main streets in Toulon about to be torn down to give place to the new bank building, deserves a place in the history of Toulon. The lot upon which this house stands was formerly owned by W. W. Drummond, and in July of 1852 he sold it to Henry Kerr, who, in 1853, sold to John Kerr, who built the house about to be demolished. John Kerr was an Irishman, and many other things not so creditable. He called himself a merchant tailor—which doubtless he was. The contract for building this house was given to a man not a resident of our town.

Wheeler B. Sweet furnished the brick. After the walls had reached the gables they had spread to such an extent that the building was condemned; for a time it was thought the walls would have to be taken down, but by the aid of iron braces they were drawn into place and the roof was put on, but Mr. Kerr refused to accept the building. Later a compromise was effected and Mr. Kerr and wife moved into the house. The first story was fitted up for a store and tailor shop, where a fine line of men's goods was displayed. No such cloth had ever been sold in the town, and Mr. Kerr had all the custom he could desire, but owing to some misdemeanors he soon became unpopular and in 1856 he sold the property to E. N. Gates and disappeared from our midst.

The house had then stood vacant for some months when General Henderson sold his home to Samuel Dewey and moved into the Kerr house while his new home was being built—the place now owned by Mr. Cotton. The next occupant was William Rose, who kept hotel here for a short time, and he was succeeded by B. A. Hall, who, with his estimable wife, kept a model hotel for several years. It was here that Stephen A. Douglass was entertained when in Toulon upon the occasion of what was to have been a joint debate with Abraham Lincoln. Mr.

Hall moved to Omaha and died there several years since. B. G. Hall, at one time superintendent of schools in Stark county, also lived here. In 1876 Mr. E. N. Gates sold the property to Daniel Wolgamwood, and in 1877 Mr. Wolgamwood sold to Albert W. Bell. In 1880 Bell sold to John H. Slater. In 1881 John Slater sold to William H. Slater. In 1889 William H. Slater deeded this property to John Hufnagel of Lombardville, who later sold to James Nowlan, who with his family has occupied this house for more than twenty years. And while the exterior of this home has not been attractive, the interior has given ample evidence of the taste and industry of its occupants.

This house, like most human lives, has passed through vicissitudes, but the old structure has stood erect amid the storms, as if defying all former predictions of danger. Could these now forsaken walls speak they could tell weird tales as strange as modern fiction.

At times in the past this has been a social center, noted guests have found entertainment here. Children whose merry voices echoed through these halls are men and women carrying burdens childhood never knew, and as brick after brick falls to the ground we can but realize that the world has little use for the old—with the 20th century civilization the old must give place to the new. Time makes history; although his hand may leave traces of sadness, these are lessons we all must learn. The story of this home, imperfect as it is, may revive memories that will live after the last vestige of this old land-mark has disappeared from sight.





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PICTURES OF THE PAST GRAND RAPIDS



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